back—next year perhaps, or the year after'—
that I suppose I had begun to believe it myself.
It was only yesterday, when I knew that the
Southern Cross had left me, that I suddenly realised
that I had left behind those lovely places and
lovely people, perhaps for ever. I reflected that
there was surely nothing else like them in this
world, and very probably nothing in the next, and
that I was going far away from gentleness and
beauty and kindliness, and the smell of the lagoons,
and the thrill of that dancing, and the scarlet of
the flamboyants, and the white and gold of other
flowers ; and that I was going to America, which
is full of harshness and hideous sights, and ugly
people and civilisation, and corruption, and bloodi-
ness, and all evil. So I wept a little, and very
sensibly went to bed. . . ."

And Mr. Somerset Maugham has said something
of the satiie sort very poignantly: "
The breeze

*

was laden still with the pleasant odours of the land. Tahiti Was very far away, and I knew that I should never see it again. A chapter of my life was closed, and I felt a little nearer to inevitable death/'